For mee, Ile not be gone till I pleaſe my ſelfe,
'Tis like you'll proue a iolly ſurly groome,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.
Pet. O *Kate* content thee prethee be not angrie,
Kate. I will be angry, what haſt thou to doe?
Father, be quiet, he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.
Gre. I marrie ſir, now it begins to worke.
Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the Bridall dinner,
I ſee a woman may be maide a foole
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt,
Pet. They ſhall go forward *Kate* at thy command,
Obey the Bride you that attend on her.
Goe to the feaſt, reuell and domineere,
Carowſe full meaſure to her maiden-head,
Be madde and merry, or goe hang your ſelues:
But for my bonny *Kate*, ſhe muſt with me:
Nay, looke not big, nor ſtampe, nor ſtare, nor fret,
I will be maſter of what is mine owne,
Shee is my goods, my chattels, ſhe is my houſe,
My houſhold-ſtuffe, my field my barne,
My horſe, my oxe, my aſſe, my any thing,
And heere ſhee ſtands, touch her who euer dare,
Ile bring mine action on the proudeſt he
That ſtops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*
Draw forth thy weapon, wee are beſet with theeues,
Reſcue thy miſtreſſe if thou be a man:
Feare not ſweete wench, they ſhall not touch thee *Kate*,
Ile Buckler thee againſt a Million. *Exeunt. P. Ka*
Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones.
Gre. Went they not quickly, I ſhould die with laughing.
Tra. Of all mad matches neuer was the like.
Luc. Miſtreſſe, what's your opinion of your ſiſter?
Bian. That being mad her ſelfe, ſhe's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride and Bridegroom
For to ſupply the places at the table, (wants
You know there wants no iunckets at the feaſt:
Lucentio you ſhall ſupply the Bridegroomes place,
And let *Bianca* take her ſiſters roome.

Tra

Tra. Shall ſweete *Bianca* practiſe how to bride it?
Bap. She ſhall *Lucentio*: come Gentlemen let's goe.
Exeunt.

Enter Grumio.

Gru. Fie fie on all tired Iades, on all mad Maſters, and all foule waies: was euer man ſo beaten? was euer man ſo raied? was euer man ſo weary? I am ſent before to make a fire, and they are comming after to warme them: now were not I a lide pot, and ſoone hot; my very lippes might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roofe of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I ſhould come by a fire to thaw mee, but I with blowing the fire ſhall warme my ſelfe: for conſidering the weather, a taller man then I will take cold: Holla, hoa *Curtis*.

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls ſo coldly?
Gru. A peece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou maiſt ſlide from my ſhoulder to my heele, with no greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good *Curtis*.
Cur. Is my maſter and his wife comming *Grumio*?
Gru. Oh I *Burtis* I, and therefore fire, fire, caſt on no water.
Cur. Is ſhe ſo hot a ſhrew as ſhe's reported:
Gru. She was good *Curtis* before this froſt: but thou know'ſt winter tames man, woman, and beaſt: for it hath tam'd my olde maſter, and my new miſtris, and my ſelfe fellow *Curtis*.
Cur. Away you three inch foole, I am no beaſt.
Gru. Am I but three inches? Why thy horne is a foot and ſo long am I at the leaſt. But wilt thou make a fire or ſhall I complaine on thee to our miſtris, whoſe hand (ſhe being now at hand) thou ſhalt ſoone feele, to thy cold comfort, for being ſlow in thy hot office.
Cur. I prethee good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the world?
Gru. A cold world *Curtis* in euery office but thine, and therefore fire: doe thy dutie, and haue thy dutie, for my Maſter and miſtris are almoſt frozen to death.
Cur. There's fire readie, and therefore good *Grumio* the newes.
Gru. Why lacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as thou wilt.
Cur. Come, you are ſo full of conicatching.
Gru. Why therefore fire, for I haue caught extreme cold. Where's the Cooke, is ſupper readie, the houſe trim'd, ruſhes

 ſtrew'd